



E L E ' G Y X I I I . W I F T
ATALANTA (when she lost the prize By
gathering golden apples in her race)
Shews how, by th'apples of thine
heavenly eyes, (Which Fortune did, before my
passage place, When for mine heart's
contentment, I did run)
How, I was hindered, and my wager lost!
When others did the wager's worth surprise;
I viewed thine eyes ! Thus eyes viewed to my
cost! Nor could I them enjoy, when all was
done! But seeming (as they did) bright as the
sun?
My course I stayed to view their fiery
grace; Whose sweet possession I could
not comprise. Th'Idsean Shepherd, when
the strife begun Amongst three
goddesses, as Judge decreed* The golden
apple to VENUS did award
(Cause of the waste and downfall of proud
Troy). But when the Graces had a sweet
regard, How fair PARTHENOPHE did her exceed
; And VENUS, now, was from the world
debarred : One so much fairer far, as too
much coy,
PARTHENOPHE, they chose in VENUS stead.
And since her beauty VENUS' did outgo,
Two golden apples were to her assigned!
Which apples, the outrageous tumults
breed That are heaped up in my
distressed mind:
Whose figure, in inflamed Troy I find;
The chief occasion of mine endless woe*